

My Secrets of Love

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"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

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more than the other and so is willing to give up his or her will.

Husbands and wives do not often shine when out together. Have you noticed that? Especially the husband seems to lose attraction and magnetism and to become self-conscious. Wives, on the contrary, often appear more desirable when the husband is there; the more horrid he is the better the foil he makes, it would seem.

But if a man has an awfully unattractive wife one is apt to look upon him as a "poor creature" for having been caught by such a person.

Who was it that said, "A married woman's greatest attraction is her husband" (the unattainable again, alluring!—forbidden fruit!)? And the same male wit who propounded that aphorism would, I feel sure, equally have said, "A married man's greatest attraction can be—his wife!"

Are these cynical people happy, I wonder? Are any clever people happy? Are any people in the world happy but the worthy, plodding kind, with primitive natures which accept things as they are, and never think at all except, so to speak, "to come in out of the rain?"

My belief is that no one is allowed to have any long spell of happiness when once he or she has begun to think. The old myths of Pandora's box or the eating of the apple in the Garden of Eden prove this.

The happy people are the new young souls whose subconscious minds are not burdened by any remembrance and who just enjoy the good things of this world which are generally showered upon them to entice them to return again to the earth plane when they go beyond, so that they may acquire spirituality at last through suffering, and so come again to happiness unconnected with tangible things.

No. XVI.—Why Wives Ought Not Be Too Brainy.

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I KNOW at least half a dozen empty-headed, vain and utterly selfish women—and all adored by men! Why do these sort of characters always attract?

Look at Napoleon and Marie Louise! And one could give many examples. I remember one of the Grand Duchesses in Russia telling me of her martinet father ruling with a rod of iron her own clever, splendid mother and then pandering to every nervous fancy of his fluff, brainless second wife, who took pleasure in making him wait for every meal and disregarded his every wish! How unjust it all seems!

But, it appears, to be really happy in a marriage, when the man is a great personality and to make him happy, a woman should not be too brainy—or she ought to be able to hide it if she is.

Not stupid exactly, but not a finely cultivated intelligence. Just normal, with plenty of small talk and tact—above all, tact. This sort of creature makes an ideal and restful wife for a great man, and if she is good-looking as well he is indeed blessed.

No two strong individualities ought to mate. How could there be two suns in the same firmament! And if they do their only chance of happiness is if one loves

Howard Chandler Christy